



MELISSA WOULD RATHER EMPLOY HER OWN FACULTIES.

Mrs. Merriwid paused in front of the mirror that panelled a section of the wall space from floor to ceiling—a satisfactory mirror in a good light. She was attired in a crimson morning gown and her hair was still in its braid.

"Quite gay and girlish!" she murmured.

"Who is?" demanded her maternal maiden aunt Jane.

"You are, dearie," replied Mrs. Merriwid, turning herself half around to get the effect of the back.

"You know perfectly well you weren't thinking of me," said Aunt Jane, severely. "You were thinking of yourself."

"Do you know how my thoughts could be better employed?" demanded Mrs. Merriwid, with a brilliant smile. "Of course I might have been thinking of Mr. Eighmees," she continued.

"You will have to be giving him a little consideration pretty soon," replied Aunt Jane.

"He's a most remarkable man," said Mrs. Merriwid, reflectively. "Not an ordinary man, by any means."

"He impresses one," assented Aunt Jane.

"Like a boot heel on a pet corn," said her niece. "But I've learned more about him during the short period that he has been calling than I would about most men in a lifetime. I even know that he wears medicated

and prefers a good full-cream American cheese to the decayed and germ-infested importations from abroad. He's a plain man and makes no pretensions."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Aunt Jane.

"He has several relatives but he doesn't like them and makes no bones of saying so," Mrs. Merriwid proceeded, disregarding the interruption.

"He doesn't see why the accident of relationship should give one person any special claim on another. A man is what he is. He ought to be able to stand on his own merits. Mr. Eighmees stands on his own merits and he's got a fairly firm footing, if you ask him. His favorite color is red—something about the shade of this dress, I think. He used to be subject to rheumatism. He likes the country

once in a while as a change from town, but he wouldn't care to live there. He has the social instincts and likes to feel himself a force among his fellow men. What he wants and what he intends to do go into politics and rattle up some of these dry bones that have been fattening on the life blood of the nation. He isn't opposed to trusts, but he would control them in such a manner that would prevent the accumulation of colossal wealth to the individual. That is his idea. There may be people who disagree with him, but that's the way he looks at the subject."

"Is there any more?" inquired Aunt Jane.

"Lots, honey," Mrs. Merriwid answered. "He is a little quicktem-



"Quite Gay and Girlish!" She murmured.

channel next to his skin, winter and summer."

"Mellon!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, in horror-stricken tones.

"I couldn't help it, dearie," protested Mrs. Merriwid. "I didn't ask him for the information. He thought it would interest me so he naturally and simply told me."

"I don't see how he could possibly consider it a matter of interest—to say nothing of the impropriety," said Aunt Jane.

"It's a matter intimately concerning him, isn't it?" said Mrs. Merriwid. "Very well, then. It ought to interest anybody. I'm surprised! I suppose when I tell you that he has had two of his back teeth filled, you will fail to realize the significance and importance of it. Keeping one's teeth in proper condition is necessary for the proper mastication and subsequent assimilation of food. If there is any derangement of Mr. Eighmees's digestive apparatus, it affects his energy and his mental faculties and the world is a loser by just so much."

"I should imagine that something had affected his mental faculties," said Aunt Jane, rubbing her nose.

"Say not so, dearie," begged Mrs. Merriwid. "Mr. Eighmees is particularly sane. He prides himself above all things on his sanity. He is a modest man, but that is one thing he insists on. The trouble with most people is that they allow their views to become distorted by prejudices of one sort or another. Mr. Eighmees has no prejudices. Convictions he has, firm and unalterable convictions, but no prejudices."

"That's very nice, I'm sure," remarked Aunt Jane.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Merriwid. "To continue this interesting subject, Mr. Eighmees rises punctually at half-past six o'clock in the winter and at five o'clock in the summer. He believes in regularity—in system. He takes a cold bath. He hasn't missed taking his cold bath once in ten years. He finds it stimulating and he attributes his immunity from colds and his general good condition to this and the few simple gymnastic exercises that he takes after the bath. Then he takes a light breakfast and arrives at his office clear-headed and fit and able to cope successfully with any of the difficult problems that invariably arise. He is not capricious in his

per, but not a man to sulk or brood a grudge. He is rather inclined to be reckless about spending money and a little foolish about lending it to people who never pay him back, still he makes a point of living well within his income. He uses Eighmees's shaving soap and thinks Vestal Tilly a really remarkable actress. Finally, and most important of all, he likes brunettes—not the blue-black raven's wing variety, but the softer and less decided type to which I belong. There's one thing though—he doesn't know just how decided I can be when I set my mind to it."

"I infer that you have arrived at a decision in his case," said Aunt Jane.

"The surest thing you know, sweet heart," said Mrs. Merriwid, returning to the mirror and smiling at her own reflection. "You know I'm quite a little interested in myself, and admitting that Mr. Eighmees is interested in me, too, he is so much more interested in Mr. Eighmees. Another thing, no woman wants a lot of accurate and reliable knowledge about her intended that she hasn't found out by her little lonesome."

"But they always tell about themselves, I've understood," said Aunt Jane.

"I know," admitted Mrs. Merriwid. "But I believe that most of this stuff he's told me is quite true, and that makes a difference."

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Not the Culprit.
Above the writing table in her nephew's library Aunt Maria found a framed New Year's resolution: "On the first of the New Year I resolve to stop smoking cigarettes."

"How shocking," said Aunt Maria. "Harry, it is possible that the habit of smoking these odious things has fastened itself so strongly upon you that it takes a New Year's resolution to break it off?" "Oh, it isn't I that have sworn off," said Harry. "It's my wife."

Novel Pendulum.
In the show window of a typewriter concern stands a clock over six feet high. What attracts the attention of those who look at it to ascertain the time is the pendulum bob. The bob is a typewriter. The suspended typewriter swings to and fro all day long and judging from the clock, it does it

novel duty faithfully and well

THE OLD PLOTTERS

By AUGUSTUS GOODWIN SHERWIN.

"Why, Arnold, this is simply tyrannical!"

"Think so?" said Arnold Preston lightly.

"It's more—it's positively barbaric! What! Coerced into marrying a girl you have never seen? Forced to live with a woman you don't like? It's dreadful, unheard of, abominable!"

"Now, don't get excited, Chester," said easy-going Arnold, as he went on with packing his valise. "I'm the one most interested, and I'm not complaining. My good old uncle, and he has treated me like a prince all my life, is bent on what the novelists call a marriage of convenience. I understand it is based on an old-time comrade friendship. Well, why not? If the girl isn't blind or crippled, and reasonably sweet tempered, it's all the same to me."

"Horror! have you no ideals?"

"None," freely confessed Arnold blankly. "I was brought up to regard all girls as angels, and I believe they are. I never saw one, though, that attracted me more than another, so I trust to the good taste of my whimsical relative and go like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"I have not the least idea in the world."

"And she?"

"Equally as ignorant as to my identity, I assume, and apparently of the same filial obedient mold as myself."

In the same equable frame of mind as that in which he had thus conversed with his close college chum, our indifferent hero arrived at Twenty Lakes the next day for a two weeks' outing.

Uncle Ramsey had arranged it all—outing, introduction to the predestined bride, afterwards a partnership in his extensive business, after that the honeymoon.

"Easy as falling off a log—why should I worry?" Arnold indulgently asked himself the next day, as he started out to enjoy himself in his favorite sport, rowing.

There was, indeed, a fine chain of lakes connected by little channels and full of prime fish, and the weather was sublime. At the end of two days, however, Arnold began to feel rather lonesome.

"A new boarder down at Smith's on

the next lake," he heard his hostess tell her husband at the supper table.

"That so?"

"Yes, a very pretty young lady—a Miss Hope Raymond, my neighbor tells me. Mr. Preston, you must meet her."

Arnold uttered something about "a lack of interest in girls," but was out in his yawl a trifle earlier than usual the next morning. He was all eyes, too, as he passed the channel into Smith's Lake. Lo and behold! a dainty sprite of a maiden was skimming the water in a light skiff.

"Just because I'm lonely I'll cultivate her," Arnold cheated himself into saying. "I'd welcome anybody in this dreary solitude."

Two days after that the skiff was not in much use. Pretty nearly all day long the yawl held two, and a happy, careless, merry pair they were.

Arnold fancied he had never met so artless, ingenious, attractive a girl as Miss Hope Raymond. The young lady did not express an opinion, but her manner betrayed a full appreciation of the kindly, friendly way in which her cavalier helped her put in the time.

They boated, they took long drives along the charming lanes. Their hostesses gave one or two dances, with the rural population filling in. At the end of ten days Arnold Preston voted that he was having the most pleasant time of his life. Pretty Hope was gay and smiling all of the time, so she must have shared his delight in this ideal outing.

"It's getting dangerous," confessed Arnold to himself, one evening near the end of his prescribed vacation. "I fancy I had best get back to Uncle Ramsey and a strict sense of duty before I am too far gone. Oh dear!" and rather longingly Arnold recalled what his chum had said about "ideals."

Miss Raymond had told the little there was to say about herself. Her father was a widower. They had a

great lonely home in the city, and he had sent her to Twenty Lakes for quiet and rest after a graduating year of hard study.

"The last day," rather mourned Arnold, as he started forth with his yawl. "It looks cloudy, but Hope—that is, Miss Raymond—hasn't one of the kind to shy at a wetting. The mischief!"

With the words he gave the yawl just leaving the channel that connected the two lakes a great swing forward, leaped to his feet, tore off his coat, and swam like one frantic toward an overturned skiff and a form just sinking beneath the water.

Hope had come to meet him in the skiff. An adverse breeze had upset her frail craft. When he reached her, going down for the last time, she was insensible. He bore her ashore to where there was a rustic bench. She recovered, shrinking back from his protecting arms and devouring glance. Then, with trembling hands, she clung to his arm, her face expressing the gratitude she felt.

"I am so glad you saved me," she breathed—"oh, so glad that it was you."

The words inspired him. Ah! if Chester could have seen him now. In a torrent of eloquence, though a sad, vain cry, he told her of his love, and then that they must part. He was bound to a duty, but he should never forget her.

"And I am bound, too!" sobbed Hope, clinging to his hand, but face averted and tear-stained. "Goodbye—goodbye!"

That evening she went home. The day following Arnold also left Twenty Lakes. He tried hard to forget—harder than ever when his uncle announced that they were going to the city next week. Arnold understood what that meant. He smiled amid his heart pain, ready to face the rack.

It was dusk, and the lights were low that eventful evening when he and his uncle were ushered into the drawing room of a palatial home in the city. Arnold knew it to be that of the bride picked out for him.

A dignified, impressive-looking gentleman entered the apartment as uncle and nephew arose from their seats.

"My dear old friend Ramsey," he spoke heartily and moved aside courteously to advance a charming young lady of his side. "My daughter, Mr. Ramsey. And this, I presume, is your nephew?" My daughter, Hope, Mr. Preston.

"Oh, father!"—and Hope Raymond tottered almost into his arms.

"Miss Raymond?" gasped the astonished Arnold.

"Not before—but had Raymond, we are two old plotters. Look at them," exclaimed Mr. Ramsey.

"No, have them to their happiness," supplemented Mr. Raymond.

And there, in perfect silence, Arnold and Hope, with clasped hands, stood looking into each other's eyes.

A vague suspicion of the truth flashed into Arnold's mind as he heard his uncle chuckling in the next room.

They went up to Twenty Lakes purposely to meet, said Arnold.

"Was there need, do you think?" asked Hope, and then blushed and stammered at her own tenacity.

"From a sense of duty," said Arnold with mock solemnity, "I must ask you to become my wife."

Because of the mandate of a cruel father, I will have to accept," smiled Hope. "Oh! life is so beautiful, so good," and the next moment she was resting in his loving arms.

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BOON FOR OCEAN VOYAGERS

Authority Says Seasickness Can Be Done Away With and Predicts That It Will Be.

At a meeting of the Royal society recently Sir John Thornley, chief, well-known naval architect and engineer, exhibited an arrangement of moving rods and discs which he described as "a model to illustrate the effect of a compound cross sea on vessels of various rolling periods."

The surface of the sea was represented by a plate of glass rocked by ingenious mechanism, and the ships by rolling discs.

"I certainly believe that the time will come when rolling will be done away with on the best passenger boats," Sir John said. "Some years ago I experimented pretty successfully with moving ballast, and the idea has now been embodied in one or two of the most up-to-date liners."

"I hear that the captain of one of these vessels holds that the arrangement interferes with speed, but speed is not everything. Then I see that an American scientist claims to have solved the problem by the use of the gyroscope. Scientifically there is no doubt that the thing can be done, but the question is, can it be done in such a way as to make it commercially worth while?"

Navy Fashion.

Some of the officers and men of a vessel anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for a horse-back ride round the island. About half way up the mountain two officers encountered a foretopman, evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse, which had a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief slung to its tail.

"What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?" asked the lieutenant.

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first hitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings, and now she sails like a clipper."

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost

all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."
—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Cary, Me.

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. If I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Rational Love.

"The rational, rather than the romantic, view of marriage is the one most in favor with the young people of the twentieth century," said Dr. H. Lucas Wentworth, the well known eugenics expert, in an address in Cleveland.

"The rational view will make for happier marriages. And this rational view is beautifully illustrated in two questions—a little dialogue—running thus:

"Will you always love me?"

"Will you always be lovable?"

Already Converted.

"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson, who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied convict 1312. "I'm in here for being so."

Where Egotism Thrives.

"It's hard to have a big time in a small town."

"Yes, but that's the easiest place in the world to have a big head."

Time to Drop Him.

"I don't see you running around with that young couple any more, Bella."

"No. My eyes are well now."

Norway is to have one of the world's greatest hydroelectric plants, developing 216,000 horsepower.

GROWING STRONGER.

Apparently, with Advancing Age.

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a man in Mo. "For four years I shambled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help."

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunken and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief."

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal."

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee."

"Improvement set in at once. In about 6 months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years and apparently growing stronger with advancing age."

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum—must be well boiled. Regular Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

Prepared.

"Thinking was his wife drove him to drink."

"If my children that he naturally gravitates in that direction."

Black and white. A young man for Children's clothing, buttons, ties, etc. to order. Address: The Atlantic City, N. J. 1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-14